The War For Treasure

The Pirates and the Island

There were two kinds of pirates upon the seas of this age.

The wealthy pirates,

with crowns of gold,

were still hungry to conquer.

The poor pirates,

ragged and thin,

scavenging scraps and dreaming of crowns.

Both sailed from shore to shore,

yet never found the Promised Land.

Their chests held only fading food,

their bodies grew hollow,

and they searched in vain

for treasure that could not satisfy.

One day, both ships reached the same shore.

There they found a native people,

clothed in garments simple yet radiant.

These garments were not stitched for pride,

but for peace.

The natives lived with the animals,

and the forest sang with harmony.

They followed Someone greater than desire itself.

The pirates grew furious.

They drew their swords,

ready to conquer,

but some among them saw the peace

and laid down their weapons.

They removed their old clothes and put on new ones.

They became like sheep, no longer wolves,

listening now only for the voice of the Shepherd.

But the captain could not bow.

His pride burned hotter than fire.

He raged as his men

who have slipped from his grasp.

Unable to bear defeat,

he fled into the sea,

seeking a greater power.

In the deep he found the Leviathan,

and on the earth he found the Behemoth.

He yoked them both to his fury,

and returned riding the beast,

to make war against the natives.

The battle was fierce.

Some of the natives stood as sacrificial lambs.

Others bent beneath the beast’s throat .

Faith itself was tested like gold in fire.

Then — a light

rose upon the garden.

It was Zion,

blazing with glory.

Trumpets sounded from the clouds,

and the pirates and natives alike lifted their eyes.

The Shepherd had come.

And no sword,

no beast,

no captain could stand before Him.